

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## GRETCHEN.

By the Author of "Dame Durden," "My Lord Conceit,"  
"Darby and Joan," "Corinna," etc.

### BOOK IV.

#### CHAPTER V. "A WAR OF INTELLECTS."

THERE was a moment's silence after those words.

At last Adrian Lyle lifted his head and looked straight into the beautiful, mocking eyes.

"Is that a challenge?" he asked; and something of sternness and rebuke in his voice brought the colour to Alexis Kenyon's cheek.

"Would you accept it?" she asked, "if I said—yes."

"Assuredly," he answered. "He is a poor soldier who denies his colours. Your creed would be a cold, comfortless thing when sorrow and bereavement touched your heart. You may well say there can be no use in appealing to an unknown Power who cares for neither suffering nor prayer. You make all the gifts, purposes, and good of life of no effect at once; whereas our religion teaches that all things have a wise purpose, a destined end; that our aspirations and ideals cannot sink into dust and ashes with the decay of the body, but live on and on to attain higher perfection in a Future, that an all-powerful Mercy and an all-perfect Wisdom has destined."

"Words," she said, "but not proof. All you ministers have the same vague platitudes; but when we want to bring you down to a plain and natural explanation, you take refuge in these poetic flights. You like plain speaking. I have listened to your sermons, and I know you are enthusiastic; but enthusiasm would never

convince me. I pity all the poor and struggling souls that doubt as I have doubted, and all to no end, to no purpose."

"I think," said Adrian Lyle, "that even in doubt there is an end and a purpose. A Hand may be guiding you to light even when you least expect it. The ground must be broken up before the foundations can be laid. The birth-hour of Truth is often heralded by the dark night of Disbelief."

"Oh, I am not an Atheist," she replied. "Only, as I told you, I have thought a great deal about this subject, and read and discussed it, too—as yet, without result."

"It is a great subject," said Adrian Lyle gravely, "and one that finite minds can never quite explain. To my thinking it has always seemed that the highest morality, the noblest type of life, is the religious life. If modern writers could give one anything better than the precepts of Christianity, anything that would comfort, sustain, console, I should not mind their doctrine so much; but they take away what is bread, and put a stone in place of it."

"You believe, then, all you preach?" she asked inquiringly.

"Most decidedly," he answered. "Else would I never have insulted my Master's service by professing it."

"In that case," she said, "we argue from totally different premises. I have accepted a theory which to you seems blasphemous. You answer my questions by statements of your own faith. Had I that faith, there would be no need to argue. But I have it not. I believe that every breach of the natural and moral law entails an adequate penalty; but no prayer or penitence can avert such penalty. Therefore, prayer and penitence are but

waste of time and emotion. If a man does not wish to suffer, he must not sin. Is not that reasonable?"

"Perfectly. But where would you find men and women with the moral strength to follow such a doctrine? Sin surrounds us like the air we breathe. We cannot escape from it. The hopelessness, and the misery, and the sorrowfulness of life, impress themselves upon us far more than its joys and pleasures. Thus is the soul awakened; for nothing in the world satisfies it. There is that within which craves, and calls for something higher, purer, more satisfying. This call it is that first makes prayer an imperative need, and then an inexhaustible comfort."

"I have felt the need," she said, looking at him with eyes softened and regretful, and holding none of their usual mocking brilliance—"but I have not found the comfort."

"Perhaps," he said, "you have never sought it aright. Your nature is too analytical, and—pardon me if I say also—too cold to be easily satisfied. The strongest argument in favour of another life may be formed in the eminent unsatisfactoriness of this. Nothing lasts, nothing contents, nothing suffices. The soul wars against the body; existence is a perpetual conflict. But I have often thought that that very discontent, that call and cry of the spirit, is the best proof that a future awaits it, where its needs will be satisfied, and its sorrows set at rest."

"You lay great stress," she said suddenly, "upon sorrows. Yet I should not fancy you have suffered many yourself."

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness," he answered, with a smile of infinite sadness. "Perhaps mine has been of my own making. That is of no moment, however. I am disturbed about you at present, and I seem somewhat powerless in your hands, as I have never studied these great sceptics with whom you seem so familiar."

"Do you think," she said daringly, "that you could venture to do so? Because I am equally willing to be your teacher, or your pupil. If I cannot convince you, I should like you to convert me. I warn you that poor old Mr. Bray gave up the task in despair."

"Did he?" said Adrian Lyle. "Well, I am not used to giving up tasks unconquered. Let it be a bargain. If you fail to convince me that I am wrong in holding a faith, I shall do my best to prove you are wrong in denying one."

"Agreed," she said, and the screen of feathers trembled a little in her hand. A faint tinge of colour warmed her cheek, which was not due to the fire flames now.

A little thrill of triumph ran through her veins. She said to herself:

"It is the thin end of the wedge. . . . We shall see who conquers in the end!"

At the same moment the door leading into the library opened, and Sir Roy and the Rector appeared.

"We have come for some tea," said the Baronet cheerfully. "Mr. Bray says it is nearly time for him to go home, as Lyle is not strong enough to take the whole service. You certainly don't look fit for hard work yet," he went on, addressing Adrian Lyle. "Are you really going to preach to-night?"

"Yes," was the quiet response as the young clergyman rose from his chair. His eyes met those of Alexis Kenyon. They seemed to convey a mute challenge.

She smiled a little. "I shall come and hear you," she said.

#### CHAPTER VI. THE TRUTH AT LAST.

ADRIAN LYLE procured Bari's address from Sir Roy, and wrote to him sharply and indignantly, demanding to know the reason of that infamous falsehood which had had such dire results for himself.

The wily Italian only laughed at the letter, and threw it into the fire. He had his own game to play, and he cared little or nothing for the young clergyman's wrath.

He was employed in going backwards and forwards between Paris and London on mysterious missions, and he knew that Adrian Lyle would find it a difficult matter to reach him, even were he so disposed.

That he was not disposed or able to do it, helped in a great measure to let the matter drop, so far as Adrian Lyle was concerned. He heard no more, and he attributed the affair to some monkeyish malice on the part of Bari, which he probably would never explain. He was convinced that Kenyon knew nothing of it, and so left him to learn it from Gretchen. He could not bring himself to write to the young man: he was too indignant at his neglect and selfishness—a selfishness which he had fathomed long before, in those days of their Italian travels.

So time wore on; dismal days of rain,

depressing days of grey mist, and grey clouds, and chill winds; and life set its accustomed tasks to Adrian Lyle, varied now, however, by constant visits to the Abbey.

He had accepted the challenge of Alexis Kenyon, and she kept him to his word. He could not but allow that she was an interesting study—that he had never met a mind so cultured, a nature so strange. Hers was no emotional nature to weep over shortcomings, and deplore weakness; to suffer morbid remorse as Gretchen had suffered, or cling to priestly help and guidance as Gretchen had clung. In Alexis Kenyon the reasoning faculties would never be subservient to “feeling” or “faith.” She was clever by nature, and cleverer still by training, and aptitude, and research. The paths of life had always been made smooth for her. She had seen more of the world than many women of her age; she had generally done what she pleased without fear of contradiction; and if she had ever had fits of generosity, or heroism, they had always been so lauded that she had grown to dislike their very names.

No one had ever had the courage to speak the truth to her, to tell her what Adrian Lyle had done. Therefore, perhaps, no one had ever interested her so much.

That the interest did not decrease with better acquaintance, surprised her more than she liked to acknowledge. She smiled at his fervour; she combated his arguments. She called his principles rigid, and his faith and zeal emotional; but all the same she admired the man’s thoroughness, and envied the very fervour at which she mocked.

To himself it seemed that he made no headway whatever against that critical indifference and subtle intelligence which ever and always arrayed itself against his theories and beliefs. Her nature rebelled instinctively against the bondage of superstition, or the illogical paths of traditional religion.

Like Stuart Mill, she believed in the “utility of virtue,” but she would not acknowledge its basis as Divine.

“It is only a matter of temperament, I assure you,” she would say calmly. “One person feels an irresistible inclination towards cruelty or tyranny, and ends by murdering some one. All the world cries out on him in horror! Another is too weak and too placid even to feel the sentiment of anger, and he in his turn is dis-

played as the reverse side of the medal, an epitome of all that is moral and amiable and forgiving. Where is the justice of such reasoning? Given a certain nature we must do certain things. There is no help for it. You have no more right to say I am wrong in my views, than you allow me with regard to your own. I have the courage of my opinions; so have you. I have given them as much thought and study as you have given yours; who is to prove that I am wrong, and you are right?”

Sometimes, however, she would lay aside all criticism and coldness, and do her best to charm him by an assumption of womanliness and humility, such as she rarely showed. At these times she was most dangerous and most alluring, and Adrian Lyle could not but acknowledge that she well deserved her reputation.

Yet this intercourse, this constant exchange of speculative thought, this straying into new pasture-lands of scientific and rational facts, had a disturbing and troublous effect on Adrian Lyle’s mind. So many of his cherished faiths and theories were unprovable, that at times he could but ask himself: “What if I, too, am wrong?”

At such times there would arise before him the vision of a fair face with a little cold smile on the parted lips—a face pure and exquisite as a flower fed on dew and sunlight, and bidding him believe that like the flower, it could have but its brief day of life and glory.

“You give me faiths, not proofs,” she would say. “They sound noble, and I do not deny that you exemplify them in your daily life; but they don’t satisfy me.” And at times he thought he never would satisfy her.

Meanwhile the growing intimacy between the young clergyman and Alexis gave Sir Roy Kenyon a great deal of uneasiness. He was used to Alexis’s caprices; but this seemed to him something more than a caprice.

It was unusual for her to show such interest in anyone as she had betrayed for Adrian Lyle from the first hour of their meeting. It seemed to him that it would be only wise to give the young man a caution on the subject—to hint that Alexis was destined for her cousin, though the engagement was not as yet openly announced.

One evening, therefore, when Adrian Lyle had been dining with them, he asked

him into the library, instead of suggesting that they should follow Alexis as usual.

"I want a few words with you, Mr. Lyle," he said. "You know I am a plain-spoken man, and I think it best for both our sakes to take you into my confidence. You are a friend of my nephew's, so perhaps you are aware how fond I am of the boy. I have always looked upon him as a son in fact, and my earnest hope was that one day he would become so in reality. Well, I am happy to say my wishes are on the way to be realised. Before going abroad Neale proposed to my daughter, and she accepted him."

"Impossible!" broke from Adrian Lyle, as he sprang to his feet, pale and disturbed. "You—you can't mean this, Sir Roy."

"Mean it—I most certainly mean it," answered the Baronet, reading in the agitated face and manner of the young clergyman a verification of his suspicions.

"Neale Kenyon engaged to your daughter!" muttered Adrian Lyle stupidly. "It can't be. You—you ought to know—"

"What ought I to know?" demanded Sir Roy, sternly. "The boy was free to follow the dictates of his heart, and though my daughter might have made a far more ambitious marriage, yet I was well content that she should accept her cousin. Hers is an extremely difficult character to deal with, but he has known her from her childhood, and—"

A knock at the door interrupted him. A footman entered with letters. Sir Roy's eye caught the one on the top. He seized it eagerly.

"Why, it is from Neale," he cried. "Oh, my dear boy, this is delightful!" He tore open the flimsy envelope, and perused the few hurried lines. "He is well," he said below his breath. "Well, and—um—um—um. Why, what's this? 'No reason to keep my engagement to Alexis a secret any longer, unless she specially desires it.' There, what did I tell you? See, it's in his own handwriting; read for yourself."

Adrian Lyle drew back a step, as if to widen the distance between himself and his excited host.

"It is impossible," he repeated doggedly. "If I thought it—"

His eyes flashed; he drew himself up to his full height. At the same moment the door softly opened, and Alexis looked in.

"What is the matter?" she asked, as she hurriedly advanced and glanced from one to the other of the disturbed faces.

She had never seen Adrian Lyle look as he looked now.

Then her eyes fell on the letter in her father's hand. Her face paled a little.

"From Neale?" she questioned. "Is he safe?"

She took the little strip of paper and read it hurriedly and anxiously.

Then a slow wave of deepest crimson rose from cheek to brow. Involuntarily her eyes turned to Adrian Lyle.

"Miss Kenyon," he cried impulsively, "I only ask one word. Is this true? You are to be your cousin's wife?"

The colour faded slowly away. It was a very cold, defiant face that lifted itself to his.

There was strife going on in his soul. Clearly enough she read it. Had her hour come? Was this the triumph she had promised herself? Those grey eyes, dark with hidden fire, told a tale of passionate trouble: some sudden, intense emotion was vibrating within his heart. What could it be but the shock of what he had heard, what her father had foolishly betrayed? She felt a little thrill of fear, and almost of regret, as she looked back into those proud, indignant eyes.

Yet her sense of pleasure was keener than either the fear or the regret. A smile, cruel, cold—the smile he knew so well—just parted her lips. She answered simply:

"It is true."

It seemed to Adrian Lyle as if the room surged round him like a sea. The noise of a million waves beat in his brain, and made him deaf and dizzy. He wanted to be alone, to get away from these wondering faces; to think out clearly, rationally, what he should do, how he could avert this calamity.

Sir Roy looked at him with compassion.

"Poor fellow!" he thought, "so he, too, has singed his wings."

For how could he know this grief, and horror, and bitter, bitter wrath were for the sake of his nephew's dastard act and lasting dishonour? How could he tell that Adrian Lyle was looking down now at a bottomless gulf which seemed to yawn before the unconscious feet of an innocent and betrayed girl?

What he said; what he did; how he got out of that room, Adrian Lyle never knew.

But he was out, and the cool wind was blowing on his brow, and the wintry stars looking down on him through the leafless



avenue, before he seemed to recover the power of thought or realise what had happened.

"I must go to her," he kept saying over and over again. "If he has written; if he has told her this it will kill her, poor, lonely, forsaken child!"

He was in that state of feverish excitement when the limbs move without the consciousness of will. He noted nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing; only he heard again those cruel words which had at last sealed his oft-recurring doubts; only saw as in a dream the little cold smile which had meant Gretchen's doom.

Gradually terror and rage usurped the place of that unconscious stupor. The thought of Kenyon's baseness maddened him. All that was manly, and noble, and generous in his own soul cried shame on the cowardly weakness and selfishness that could make a woman's love the toy of an idle fancy, and regard the ruin of her future as lightly as the memory of his past.

Suddenly he lifted his face to the cold, clear sky. His eyes shone with a fierce light.

"If it be true," he cried aloud, "if it be true, he shall answer to me for his guilt. I swear it!"

## GOETHE AND CARLYLE.

### IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

THE next letter from Carlyle to Goethe is in the same month as that from the German, to which we have already referred, and it is remarkable in this respect that it betrays a touch of feminine Scotch "pawkiness." Thus in January, 1824, Carlyle writes:

"I am at present a candidate for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in our ancient Scottish University of Saint Andrews; a situation of considerable emolument and respectability, in which certain of my friends flatter me that I might be useful to myself and others. The Electors to the Office are the Principal and actual Professors of the college; who promise in this instance, contrary indeed to their too frequent practice, to be guided solely by grounds of a public sort; preferring that applicant who shall, by reference perhaps to his previous literary performances, or by testimonials from men of established note, approve himself the ablest. The qualifications required, or at least expected, are

not so much any profound scientific acquaintance with Philosophy, properly so-called, as a general character for intelligence, integrity, and literary attainment; all proofs of talent and spiritual worth of any kind, being more or less available. To the Electors personally, I am altogether a stranger. Of my fitness for this, or any other office, it is indeed little that I can expect you to know. Nevertheless, if you have traced in me any sense for what is True and Good, and any symptom, however faint, that I may realise in my own literary life some fraction of what I love and reverence in that of my Instructors, you will not hesitate to say so; and a word from you may go further than many words from another. There is also a second reason why I ask this favour of you; the wish to feel myself connected by still more and still kinder ties, with a man to whom I must reckon it among the pleasures of my existence, that I stand in any relation whatever. For the rest, let me assure you that good or ill success in this canvass is little likely to effect my equanimity unduly; I have studied and lived to little purpose, if I had not, at the age of two-and-thirty, learned in some degree, 'to seek for that consistency and sequence within myself, which external events will for ever refuse me.' I need only add, on this subject, that the form of such a document as I solicit is altogether unimportant; that of a general certificate or testimonial, not specially addressed at all being as common as any other."

Then having accomplished what he called the main purpose of his letter, Carlyle goes on to literary topics, and presses Goethe to continue and complete "Faust." The letter next partakes of a domestic interest, the "Otilie" referred to being Goethe's daughter-in-law before mentioned.

"My wife unites with me, as in all honest things, so in this, in warmest regards to you and yours. Nay, your Otilie is not unknown to her; with the sharp sight of female criticism she had already detected a lady's hand in the tasteful arrangement of that Packet, not yet understanding to whom it might be due. Will Otilie von Goethe accept the friendly and respectful compliments of Jane Welsh Carlyle, who hopes one day to know her better! For it is among our settled wishes, I might almost say projects, sometime to see Germany and its Art and Artists, and the man who, more than any other, has made it dear and honourable to

us. We even paint out to ourselves the too hollow day-dream of spending next winter, or, if this Election prosper, the summer which will follow it, in Weimar! Alas, that Space cannot be contracted, nor Time lengthened out, and so many must not meet, whose meeting would have been desired! Meanwhile we will continue hoping, and pray that, seen or unseen, all good may ever abide with you."

It was two months later before Goethe's "testimonial" came to hand—too late to be of use to Carlyle, who, however, had no chance of the Professorship in any case. The "testimonial" was more like a moral Essay of some length, but the following extract from it is of special interest:

"It may now without arrogance be asserted that German Literature has effected much for humanity in this respect, that a moral psychological tendency pervades it, introducing not ascetic timidity, but a free culture in accordance with Nature, and in cheerful obedience to law, and, therefore, I have observed with pleasure Mr. Carlyle's admirably profound study of this literature, and I have noticed with sympathy how he has not only been able to discover the beautiful and human, the good and great in us, but has also contributed what was his own, and has endowed us with the treasures of his genius. It must be granted that he has a clear judgment as to our *Æsthetic* and *Ethic* Writers, and, at the same time, his own way of looking at them, which proves that he rests on an original foundation and has the power to develope in himself the essentials of what is good and beautiful. In this sense I may well regard him as a man who would fill a Chair of Moral Philosophy, with single-heartedness, with purity, effect, and influence; enlightening the youth entrusted to him as to their real duties, in accordance with his disciplined thought, his natural gifts, and his acquired knowledge; aiming at leading and urging their minds to moral activity; and thereby steadily guiding them towards a religious completeness."

In acknowledging the letter with this splendid "testimonial," and a previous one in which Goethe had commented on an article in "The Edinburgh Review," on "The State of German Literature," which he had seen, and attributed to Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, Carlyle writes, in April, 1828:

"And here I must not forbear to mention that Mr. Lockhart certainly did

not write that Essay on the 'State of German Literature,' in the 'Edinburgh Review'; as indeed he has never written aught in that journal, and could not well write aught, being Editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' a work directly opposed to it, and Organ of the Tory party, as that other is of the Whig or Liberal. If you have not already forgotten our dim notions on the 'State of German Literature,' it must gratify me much to say that they are in this instance due to myself. The Editor (Jeffrey) of the 'Edinburgh Review,' who himself wrote the critique on 'Wilhelm Meister,' and many years ago admitted a worthless enough paper on your 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' is thought hereby to have virtually recanted his confession of faith with regard to German Literature; and great is the amazement and even consternation of many an 'old Stager,' over most of whom this man has long reigned with a soft, yet almost despotic sway. Let it not surprise you if I give one of your medals to him; for he also is a 'well-wisher,' as one good man must always be to another, however distance and want of right knowledge may, for a time, have warped his perceptions, and caused him to assume a cold or even unfriendly aspect. On the whole, our study and love of German Literature seem to be rapidly progressive: in my time, that is, within the last six years, I should almost say that the readers of your language have increased ten-fold; and with the readers the admirers; for with all minds of any endowment, these two titles, in the present state of matters, are synonymous. In proof of this, moreover, we can now refer not to one, but to two foreign journals, published in London, and eagerly, if not always wisely, looking towards Germany; the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' and the 'Foreign Review,' with the last of which I, too, have formed some connection. Number one contained a sketch of your unhappy 'Zacharias Werner,' from my hands; and here since I began writing has number two arrived, with a long paper in it, from the same unworthy quarter, on the Interlude, 'Helena,' with the promise of a still longer one, by the next opportunity, on your works and character in general! Nor am I without hope that these criticisms, set forth with the best light and convictions I had, may meet with a certain tolerance from you. It is not altogether, yet it is in some degree, with mind as with matter in this respect; where the humblest pool, so it be at rest

within itself, may reflect faithfully the image even of the sun."

This brought a lengthy reply from Goethe in the following June, from which we take these passages :

"The translation of 'Wallenstein' (by George Moir, of Edinburgh) 'has made a quite peculiar impression upon me. During all the time that Schiller was at work upon it I never left his side, until at length, being perfectly familiar with the play, I, together with him, put it upon the stage, attended all rehearsals, and in doing so endured more vexation and chagrin than was reasonable, and then had to be present at the successive performances, in order to bring the difficult representation nearer and nearer to perfection. Thus it is easy to conceive that this masterly work could not but at length become to me trivial, nay, repulsive. And so I had not seen or read it for twenty years. And now that it unexpectedly comes before me again in Shakespeare's tongue, it reappears to me all at once, in all its parts, like a freshly-varnished picture, and I delight in it not only as of old, but also in a way quite peculiar. Say this, with my compliments, to the translator; also that the preface, which was written with the same completely sympathetic feeling, has given me much pleasure. And pray tell me his name, in order that he may stand out, from among the chorus of Philo-Germans, as a distinct individual.

"And here occurs to me a new observation, perhaps scarcely thought of, perhaps never before expressed : that the translator works not only for his own nation, but likewise for the one from whose language he has taken the work. For it happens, oftener than one is apt to suppose, that a nation sucks out the sap and strength of a work, and absorbs it into its own inner life, so as to have no further pleasure in it, and to draw no more nourishment from it. This is especially the case with the German people, who consume far too quickly whatever is offered them, and, while transforming it by various re-workings, they in a sense annihilate it. Therefore it is very salutary, if what was their own should, after a time, by means of a successful translation, reappear to them endowed with fresh life."

This is an allusion to a dream or scheme of a Universal or International Literature, with regard to which much more occurs in Goethe's letters. But in a continuation of this letter we read :

"Ottile sends most cordial greetings to Mrs. Carlyle; she and her sister have begun a piece of embroidery which should have gone with this despatch. This friendly work, interrupted by necessary journeys to some Baths, and now by the saddest event" (death of the Grand Duke) "will, I hope, come to her, though later, in graceful completeness.

"I add to the third Section of my Works the last number of 'Kunst und Alterthum.' You will see from it that we Germans are likewise occupying ourselves with foreign literature. By mail-coaches and steam-packets, as well as by daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals, the nations are drawing nearer to one another, and I shall, so long as it is permitted me, have to turn my attention to this mutual exchange also. On this point, however, we may yet have many things to say. Your labours come in good time to us; for ours, too, quicker means of conveyance are prepared. Let us make use of this open intercourse more and more freely; specially to you. Soon give me a clear idea of your present abode. I find Dumfries a little above the fifty-fifth degree of latitude, on the River Nith, near its mouth. Do you live in this town, or in its neighbourhood? and how do you get my packages? Since you are situated near the western coast, probably still through Leith, and then by land? But however it may be, let me soon hear from you in reply to this letter. Greet your dear wife from me. This time I am at least sending some pieces of Music for her."

Carlyle had by this time removed to Craigenputtock, and hence Goethe's geographical and topographical queries. In the following September, Carlyle acknowledges receipt of the letter and presents, and then goes on to say :

"Doubtless it does seem wonderful to us that you and yours, occupied with so many great concerns in which the whole world is interested, should find any time to take thought of us who live so far out of your sphere, and can have so little influence, reciprocally, on aught that pertains to you. But such is the nature, is this strangely complicated universe, that all men are linked together, and the greatest will come into connection with the least. Neither, though it is a fine tie, do I reckon it a weak one, that unites me to you. When I look back on my past life, it seems as if you, a man of foreign speech, whom I have never seen, and, alas! shall perhaps never

see, had been my chief Benefactor ; nay I may say the only real Benefactor I ever met with ; inasmuch as wisdom is the only real good, the only blessing which cannot be perverted, which blesses both him that gives and him that takes. In trying bereavements, when old friends are snatched away from you, it must be a consolation to think that neither in this age, nor in any other, can you ever be left alone ; but that wherever men seek Truth, spiritual Clearness, and Beauty, there you have brothers and children. I pray Heaven that you may long, long be spared to see good and do good in this world : without you, existing literature, even that of Germany, so far as I can discern it, were but a poor matter ; and without one man, whom other men might judge clearly and yet view with any true reverence. Nevertheless the good seed that is sown cannot be trodden down, or altogether choked with tares ; and surely it is the highest of all privileges to sow this seed, to have sown it : nay, it is privilege enough if we have hands to reap it, and eyes to see it growing !”

Then after referring to the distribution of the ever-recurring medals, and other matters, he goes on :

“The only thing of any moment I have written since I came hither, is an essay on Burns, for the next number of the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ which, I suppose, will be published in a few weeks. Perhaps you have never heard of this Burns, and yet he was a man of the most decisive genius ; but born in the rank of a Peasant, and miserably wasted away by the complexities of his strange situation ; so that all he effected was comparatively a trifle, and he died before middle age. We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any other Poet we have had for centuries. It has often struck me to remark, that he was born a few months only before Schiller, in the year 1759 ; and that neither of these two men, of whom I reckon Burns, perhaps naturally, even the greater, ever heard the other’s name ; but that they shone as stars in opposite hemispheres, the little atmosphere of the Earth intercepting their mutual light.”

After these pregnant sentences, we come upon personal matter again.

“You enquire with such affection touching our present abode and employments, that I must say some words on that subject, while I have still space. Dumfries is a pretty town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants ; the Commercial and Judicial

Metropolis of a considerable district on the Scottish Border. Our dwelling-place is not in it, but fifteen miles (two hours’ riding) to the north-west of it, among the Granite Mountains and black moors which stretch westward through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea. This is, as it were, a green oasis in that desert of heath and rocks ; a piece of ploughed and partially sheltered and ornamented ground, where corn ripens and trees yield umbrage, though encircled on all hands by moor-fowl and only the hardiest breeds of sheep. Here by dint of great endeavour we have pargetted and garnished for ourselves a clean substantial dwelling ; and settled down in defect of any Professional or other Official appointment, to cultivate Literature, on our own resources, by way of occupation, and roses and garden shrubs, and, if possible, health and a peaceable temper of mind to forward it. The roses are indeed still mostly to plant ; but they already blossom in Hope ; and we have two swift horses, which, with the mountain air, are better than all physicians for sick nerves. That exercise, which I am very fond of, is almost my sole amusement ; for this is one of the most solitary spots in Britain, being six miles from any individual of the formally visiting class. It might have suited Rousseau almost as well as his island of St. Pierre ; indeed, I find that most of my city friends impute to me a motive similar to his in coming hither, and predict no good from it. But I came hither purely for this one reason : that I might not have to write for bread, might not be tempted to tell lies for money.”

Here, indeed, is the true Carlylese touch ; he went into the wilderness that he might not be tempted to tell (write) lies for money ! Passing on a little, we find the following from Goethe, dated the sixth of July, 1829 :

“If this present letter should reach you before the 28th of August, I beg you, on that date, quietly to keep my eightieth birthday, and earnestly to wish for me that in the days which may still be granted to me, a measure of strength may be given in proportion. I pray you also to give me news from time to time as to how you are situated and as to your work. At the bottom of the little box there is lying a gift sent by the ladies of my family, with the friendliest feelings. The wall-ornament (called in French a *semainière*) is to remind you pleasantly of us every day of the week, and, indeed, at many an hour of



the day. Contentedly enjoy the composure and consistency which have been granted to you; my life, though indeed there is little outward agitation in it, must appear, if a vision of it should ever cross your mind, a veritable witches' circle of tumult in comparison."

Some verses accompany the little presents, and in Carlyle's reply (dated Craigenputtock, the third of November, 1829), is the following passage:

"Six years ago I should have reckoned the possibility of a Letter, of a Present from Goethe to me, little less wondrous and dreamlike than from Shakespeare or Homer. Yet so it is: the man to whom I owe more than to any other—namely, some measure of spiritual Light and Freedom—is no longer a mere 'airy tongue' to me, but a living Man, with feelings which, in many kindest ways, reply and correspond to my own! Let me pray only that it may long continue; and if the Scholar cannot meet with his Teacher, face to face, in this world, may some higher perennial meeting, amid inconceivable environments, be appointed them in another!"

And later in the same epistle:

"In regard to my employments and manner of existence, literary and economic, I must not speak here. I am still but an Essayist, and longing more than ever to be a Writer in a far better sense. Meanwhile, I do what I may; and cannot complain of wanting audience, stolid as many of my little critics are and must be. I have written on Voltaire, on Novalis, and was this day correcting proof-sheets of a paper on Jean Paul, for the 'Foreign Review.' I have some thoughts of writing a separate book on Luther, but whether this winter or not is undecided. I delayed three weeks writing this Letter, till a proposal (from some London booksellers) of my composing what they call a 'History of German Literature,' were either finally agreed upon or finally abandoned; but as yet neither of the two has happened."

A second letter is despatched from Craigenputtock, just before Christmas, with a packet of return presents, where we read:

"The portfolio is of my wife's manufacture, who sends you, among other love tokens, a lock of her hair; concerning which I am to say that, except to her Husband she never did the like to any man. She begs, however, and hopes, that you will send her, in return, a lock of your hair; which she will keep among her

most precious possessions, and only leave, as a rich legacy to the worthiest that comes after her. For a heart that honestly loves you, I too hope that you will do so much."

There was also a Scotch bonnet for Ottilie, to which was affixed this not very poetical verse by Mrs. Carlyle, 'all out of her own head,' as the children say.

Scotland prides her in the "Bonnet Blue,"  
That it brooks no stain in Love or War;  
Be it, on Ottilie's head, a token true  
Of my Scottish love to kind Weimar!

In Carlyle's accompanying letter occurs the following passage:

"For the present you are to figure your two Scottish friends as embosom'd amid snow and 'thick-ribbed ice;' yet secured against grim winter by the glow of bright fires; and often near you in imagination; nay, often thinking the very thoughts that were once yours, for a little red volume is seldom absent from our parlour. By-and-by, we still trust to hear that all is well with you: the arrival of a Weimar letter ever makes a day of jubilee here. May all good be with you and yours!"

The request for a lock of Goethe's hair was an unfortunate one. It brings forth a grim, quaint reply from the old man:

"As to its contents" (i.e. of the box), "I will mention first the incomparable lock of hair, which one would indeed have liked to see along with the dear head, but which, when it came to light by itself here, almost alarmed me. The contrast was too striking, for I did not need to touch my skull to become aware that only stubble was left there, nor was it necessary for me to go to the looking-glass to learn that a long flight of time had given it a discoloured look. The impossibility of making the desired return smote my heart, and forced thoughts upon me which one usually prefers to banish. In the end, however, nothing remained for me but to content myself with the reflection that such a gift was to be most thankfully received without hope of any adequate requital. For the rest it shall be kept secret in the portfolio that is worthy of it, and only the most cherished objects shall bear it company. The elegant Scotch Bonnet, I can assure you, has given much pleasure. For many years we have been visited by inhabitants of the Three Kingdoms, who like to remain with us for a time, and enjoy good society. Among these, indeed, there are comparatively few Scotchmen; yet there cannot fail to be preserved in some fair heart here so lively

an image of one of your countrymen that she must regard the splendid national head-dress, including the thistle, as a most pleasing ornament; and the kind donor would certainly be delighted to see the most charming face in the world peering out from beneath it. Otilie sends her most grateful thanks, and will not fail, as soon as our days of mourning are over, to make a glorious appearance in it."

In a subsequent letter another allusion is made by Goethe to the hair question:

"A peerless lock of black hair impels me to add a little sheet, and with true regret to remark that the desired return is, alas! impossible. Short and discoloured and devoid of all charm, old age must be content if any flowers at all will still blossom in the inner man when the outward bloom has vanished. I am already seeking for some substitute, but have not yet been lucky enough to find one. My warmest greetings to your esteemed wife."

In May, 1830, Carlyle writes:

"Happy it is, meanwhile, that whether we ever meet in the body or not, we have already met you in spirit, which union can never be parted, or made of no effect. Here in our Mountain Solitude, you are often an inmate with us; and can whisper wise lessons and pleasant tales in the ear of the Lady herself. She spends many an evening with you, and has done all winter, greatly to her satisfaction. One of her last performances was the 'Deutschen Ausgewanderten,' and that glorious 'Mährchen,' a true Universe of Imagination; in regard to the manifold, inexhaustible significance of which (for the female eye guessed a significance under it) I was oftener applied to for exposition than I could give it; and at last, to quiet importunities, was obliged to promise that I would some day write a commentary on it, as on one of the deepest, most poetical things even Goethe had ever written. Nay, looking abroad, I can further reflect with pleasure that thousands of my countrymen, who had need enough of such an acquaintance, are now also beginning to know you: of late years, the voice of Dulness, which was once loud enough on this matter, has been growing feebler and feebler; so that now, so far as I hear, it is altogether silent, and quite a new tone has succeeded it. On the whole, Britain and Germany will not always remain strangers; but rather, like two Sisters that have been

long divided by distance and evil tongues, will meet lovingly together, and find that they are near of Kin."

Some further correspondence ensued with regard to Carlyle's proposed "History of German Literature," and the publication in Germany of a translation of his "Life of Schiller," with an Introduction by Goethe, and a frontispiece view of the house at Craigenputtock. At the end of a letter of Carlyle's, dated 15th November, 1830, is the following postscript by his wife:

"I have requested a vacant corner of my Husband's sheet, that I might, in my own person, add a word of acknowledgement. But what my heart feels towards you finds no fit utterance in words; and seeks some modes of expression that were infinite; in action, rather in high endeavour, would my love, my faith, my deep sense of your goodness express itself; and then only, should these feelings become worthy of their exalted object. Goethe's 'friend,' 'dear friend,' words more delightful than great Queen so named. 'I bear a charmed heart'; the fairy-like gift on which those words are written shall be my talisman to destroy unworthy influences. Judge, then, how I must value it! In the most secret place of my house, I scarcely think it sufficiently safe; where I look at it from time to time with a mingled feeling of pride and reverence. Accept my heartfelt thanks for this and so many other tokens of your kindness; and still think of me as your affectionate friend and faithful disciple,

"JANE W. CARLYLE."

It was in the following year, in August, 1831, that occurred that historic incident, of which readers of Lewes's "Life of Goethe" will have some recollection. "Fifteen Englishmen" combined to send the aged Poet a present of a gold seal on his birthday. These "fifteen Englishmen" were not exactly as given by Lewes, but were, we believe, Thomas Carlyle, his brother Dr. Carlyle, Fraser (editor of the "Foreign Review"), Maginn, Heraud (editor of "Fraser's Magazine"), G. Moir, Churchill, Jerdan (of the "Literary Gazette"), Professor Wilson, Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, Southey, Wordsworth, and Barry Cornwall. The design of the seal is said to have been sketched by Mrs. Carlyle, and represented the serpent of eternity encircling a star, with the words "Ohne

Hast, ohne Rast," in allusion to Goethe's VERSES,

Wie das Gestirn  
Ohne Hast  
Aber ohne Rast  
Drahe sich jeder  
Um die eigne Last.

(Like a Star, unhalting, unresting, be each one fulfilling his God-given best.)

The following letter accompanied the gift:—

"Fifteen English Friends to Goethe, on the 28th August, 1831.

"SIR,—Among the friends whom this so interesting anniversary calls round you, may we 'English Friends,' in thought and symbolically, since personally it is impossible, present ourselves, to offer you our affectionate congratulations. We hope you will do us the honour to accept this little Birthday Gift; which, as a true testimony of our feelings, may not be without value. We said to ourselves: as it is always the highest duty and pleasure to show reverence to whom reverence is due, and our chief, perhaps our only benefactor is he who by act and word, instructs us in wisdom, so we undersigned, feeling towards the Poet Goethe as the spiritually-taught towards their spiritual teachers, are desirous to express that sentiment openly and in common. For which end we have determined to solicit his acceptance of a small English gift, proceeding from us all equally, on his approaching Birthday; that so, while the venerable man still dwells among us, some memorial of the gratitude we owe him, and think the whole world owes him, may not be wanting. And thus our little tribute, perhaps among the purest that men could offer to man, now stands in visible shape, and begs to be received. May it be welcome, and speak permanently of a most close relation, though wide seas flow between the parties! We pray that many years may be added to a life so glorious—that all happiness may be yours, and strength given to complete your high task, even as it has hitherto proceeded, 'like a star, without haste, yet without rest.'

"We remain, Sir, your friends and servants,

"FIFTEEN ENGLISH FRIENDS."

It is not difficult to see Carlyle's handiwork in the composition of this letter, the receipt of which and the accompanying present was, as Lewes tells us, "extremely gratifying" to Goethe. It was in reference to it that his last letter was written to Carlyle, which we give in full:

"To the Fifteen English Friends.

"The words the Poet speak swiftly and surely work within the compass of his land and home; yet knows he not if they do work afar. Britons, ye have understood! 'The active mind, the deed restrained: steadfast striving, without haste.' And thus you will that it be sealed."

"The above I sent through Mr. Fraser, of London, for the associated friends immediately after receiving their most charming gift. To you, my dearest sir, I send this duplicate, which will perhaps reach you before that missive comes thence to you. I now merely add that I have already read here and there in the books and pamphlets which accompanied the gift, and that I find in them much that is delightful. Of this more next time, as well as of the silhouettes and the inconceivable way in which they bring the absent before one.

"The box, sent from Hamburg, through Messrs. Parish, at the end of June, is ere now, or will soon be, in your hands; let me have a word from you concerning it.

"I now repeat here, but in the fewest words: the gift of the associated friends has afforded me a pleasure as unusual as unexpected; and not me alone, but likewise friends and acquaintances, who know how to appreciate so artistic a piece of work.

"To the dear Pair, happy hours!

"GOETHE"

The "next time" never arrived. Goethe died on the twenty-second of March, 1832, and we end these notes with an extract from Carlyle's journal, written under a newspaper cutting, announcing Goethe's death:

"Craigenputtock, 19th April, 1832.

"This came to me at Dumfries on my first return thither. I had written to Weimar, asking for a letter to welcome me home" (after a long stay in London); "and this was it. My letter would never reach its address: the great and good friend was no longer there; had departed some seven days before."

## CHRONICLES OF THE WELSH COUNTIES.

DENBIGH AND FLINT.

THE ancient kingdom of Gwynedd, or North Wales, one of the three divisions of the land of the Cymry, as bequeathed by Roderick the Great to his three sons—if

we may credit Welsh tradition—was itself divided into four districts. Three of these, Mon, Arfon, and Meirion, represent the three counties already treated of, that is, Anglesey, Caernarvon, and Merioneth. The fourth district was known as Y Perfeddwlad, and embraced nearly all Denbigh and Flint.

At some time or other, no doubt the Kingdom was rounded off by considerable tracts of Cheshire and Shropshire, and then the name of this particular district, which signifies the Central Region in the vernacular, was appropriate enough. But in historical times, it is rather the border country, the debateable land where the Cymry fiercely strove for their own; often victorious in war, but losing every advantage through the dissensions and jealousies of their chiefs.

Creeping along the level shores of Flintshire, the Saxons established settlements and posts along that fertile tract. Always the great stronghold of Rhuddlan was the chief point of attack and defence, for here was the vulnerable point in the cuirass of rock and mountain. The possession of Rhuddlan gave to the invaders the rich Vale of Clwyd, with its flocks and herds, and opened the way to the very heart of North Wales.

At Rhuddlan was fought the great decisive battle between the Saxons under King Offa, and the confederated Welsh, A.D. 795; and the plaintive Welsh air, "Morfa Rhuddlan," commemorates, it is said, the loss and defeat of that day of slaughter. From Rhuddlan, Harold carried fire and sword among the peaceful Welsh valleys; peaceful as a hive of bees is peaceful, but as ready with a fierce swarm to repel an invader, or issue forth for booty or revenge.

The Normans, with more scientific persistence, built the strong castle whose red sandstone walls still frown over the marsh. The old Earls of Chester held the castle and all the country round by the sword; a sword that was rarely sheathed from one generation to another, for, times out of mind, the hardy Welshmen came against the alien possessors of their ancient stronghold. Edward the First, in his plan for the conquest of Wales, had his chief place of arms and the head-quarters of his power at Rhuddlan; here he summoned his Council, and hence he issued those statutes of Rhuddlan which were intended to conciliate and pacify his new subjects. For, in these statutes he confirmed all the ancient laws

and privileges of the Welsh, with two exceptions, as to the inheritance of land. The Welsh laws excluded females from the succession, while they admitted illegitimate offspring in failure of other descendants, to share the paternal inheritance. On both these heads the King was firm to abrogate the ancient practices, and we may reasonably conjecture that female influence, in the person of his devoted wife, was at hand to strengthen the King's resolve.

Above Rhuddlan opens out the rich vale of the River Clwyd,

With slow music gliding

By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers, with St. Asaph standing at the entrance just above the junction of the rivers Elwy and Clwyd. According to tradition, the first religious settlements at St. Asaph, or Llanelwy, was founded by Cyndeyrw, otherwise Kentigern, Bishop of Glasgow and Primate of Scotland, somewhere about King Arthur's time. Here, at all events, was established a monastery of the Celtic type, whose Pab, or Abbot, ruled over its extensive ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and one of the earliest of these Abbots was St. Asa, under whose invocation the principal church of the community was founded. The Bishopric was an innovation of later times. The Cathedral is but a homely edifice, to be matched by many an English parish church.

Higher up the river we come to Denbigh, a pleasant modern town, with the remains of a fine old feudal castle crowning the height above. Traces of the old walls of the town, built by its Norman possessors, are to be found on the declivity; but the existing town has found a more convenient site upon the plain below. An ancient Welsh fortress was here, where the unhappy Prince, David, mustered his countrymen for a final struggle against the King of England. The existing castle was built by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, whose effigy, "in his stateley long robes," still appears above the massive gateway. The castle well, which is sometimes called the Goblin well, is still the freshest and best in the neighbourhood, and has never been known to fail even when all other wells in the district were dried up by successive drought. According to Leland, "Sum say the Erle of Lincoln's son felle into the Castle well and there dyed; whereupon he never passid to finish the Castelle."

If this last catastrophe really occurred there would have been voices to say that here was a judgement of Heaven upon the



spoiler and oppressor. For a legend is in existence which has some show of probability, and which, at all events, illustrates the general opinion as to how the English Lords acquired their lands in Wales. Some time during the reign of Edward the First died Griffith ap Madoc, one of the great chiefs of North Wales, Lord of Broomfield and Yale, Chirk and Nantheudwy, leaving two infant sons, Madoc and Llewellyn, to the care of his widow Emma. The widow, quarrelling with her late husband's kinsmen, delivered her two sons to the charge of King Edward, who assigned them in wardships, according to the custom of the time, to two of his great nobles. Madoc was given to John, Earl of Warren, and Llewellyn to Roger Mortimer, of the Wigmore family, to be brought up to the use of arms and the knowledge of all knightly accomplishments befitting their station. Ere they reached man's estate the two youths were drowned together in the River Dee. Tradition points out the exact spot.

The little town of Holt, on the Denbighshire side of the River Dee, is connected with the neighbouring village of Farnndon, on the Cheshire side, by a narrow many-arched bridge, one of the most ancient in the Kingdom. One of the arches of this bridge is still known as the Lady's Arch, and tradition connects it with the wicked Emma, the unnatural mother of the two noble children of Wales. For beneath one of the arches of Holt Bridge the two boys were drowned, as report had it, by the contrivance of their mother and with the connivance of the two English Lords. The bridge was long haunted by the spirits of these hapless youths, known in the folk-lore of the neighbourhood as the two fairies.

If the English Lords had no hand in the death of the boys, anyhow they received the benefit of their dying, as did the Earl of Lincoln, whom tradition, however, does not credit with a knowledge of the deed. These powerful nobles, under a grant from the King of England, divided among them the rich Lordships of their wards, saving only the Castle of Hope, which was reserved to the Crown. De Warren built a noble castle at Holt, of which hardly one stone remains upon another, and the De Warrens, once so powerful, speedily died out, and became extinct. The Mortimers had no happy fate, it will be remembered; and the judgement of Heaven upon the Earl of Lincoln, the least guilty of the three, has already been recorded. Such, at all

events, is the moral drawn by this old-world story, and if not true, it is indeed "*ben trovato*."

To return to Denbigh and its castle, which made some figure in the Wars of the Roses, and fell eventually to a notable possessor, no other than Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester seems to have had it in his mind to raise a lordly dwelling here, and laid the foundations of a big church in the valley, whose unfinished walls are still to be seen. Dudley was cordially detested by the Welsh, who were less impressed with the magnificence of his surroundings than by the exactions he attempted to levy upon his tenants; and the Earl, disgusted by the incivility of the inhabitants, abandoned the place as a residence. The Welsh have always been noted for their plain speaking and for an independence of bearing which contrasts not a little with the subservience to rank and position of their Saxon neighbours. Even at the present day a small Welsh farmer, whose house is a hovel and whose garments are patched till the original stuff is unrecognisable, will address his squire, or the Queen, or even Sir Watkin—and even if there were a greater potentate in the world it would be all the same—with all the freedom and ease of an equal.

Poor King Charles, who came here in his doleful wanderings from Chester when his cause was broken and lost, said that he never had such a talking to in his life as he got at Denbigh, and during the three nights he stayed at the castle as the guest of its loyal Governor, Salusbury, heard more home-truths than during his whole reign previously. The castle, however, held out staunchly for the King, and surrendered at last to General Mytton, whose mission it seems to have been to capture all the castles in North Wales. This Mytton we have heard of before, by the way, in connection with Shrewsbury in the Chronicles of Shropshire.

The Salusburies, as well as being, it seems, hereditary custodians of Denbigh Castle, were also the greatest people of the neighbourhood—of the second rank, that is, below the great hereditary nobles—and although of English origin, they had been settled in Wales since the days of Henry the Fourth, and indeed enjoyed some of the confiscated estates of Owen Glendwr. It was one Sir John Salusbury who had the distinction of being the first husband of Catherine Tudor, or Catherine

Beram, as she was called from her estate, who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth. Sir John presently was gathered to his fathers, leaving Catherine a young widow, plump and well endowed. Two of her neighbours, Sir Richard Clough and Maurice Wynn of Gwydir, were known to have cast eyes of affection upon the fair Catherine—all in the way of honour, and strictly with an eye to the future—and Maurice, the younger and handsomer of the pair, determined not to lose the prize by undue delay. The rivals attended the funeral of their late friend, and Maurice secured the privilege of escorting the bereaved one on her way home. Excusing any want of decorum on the ground of his ardent passion, he put the question to her plain and plump; would she marry him? The widow blushing replied that she was not insensible to his merits, and he might have hoped for a favourable reply, but alas! Sir Richard Clough had put the same question on the way to the funeral, and she had given her promise to him. Still, and here the widow repeated the substance of the old adage, that everything comes to him who knows how to wait. Whether it is the same thing for which one begins waiting may be doubted, but in effect Maurice was content to wait, and became in good time Catherine's third husband. She buried him too, and took a fourth husband, who had the melancholy satisfaction of burying her with all honours. Having been a fruitful wife to the most part of her husbands, she became the ancestress of numerous descendants, and her name appears in a variety of Welsh pedigrees, so that she was known as Mam Cymru, or the Mother of Wales.

The second husband of this notable woman, Sir Richard Clough, was himself a man of some mark. He had no ancient Welsh blood to recommend him, but was born of humble parentage at Denbigh, descended probably from some stalwart military settler from Lancashire—some Hugh or Will o' the Clough. He sought and found fortune in London, and became the partner of Thomas Gresham, and with him helped to found the Royal Exchange of that great city. He had plans for turning the great stream of commerce into his native district; and building a house for himself, he furnished it with warehouses and store-rooms, fit for carrying on a merchant's business. This house and the estate about it eventually descended to

Henry Thrale the brewer, and became the residence of his widow, Mrs. Piozzi, and thus the frequent abiding place of Dr. Johnson. The widow named the place Brynbella, but its original name was Bachyrgraig.

Of the same mixed race, in which Saxon doggedness is blended with the fire and imagination of the Welsh, were the Myddletons of Gwaenynog. The old parish church of Denbigh, which is known as Whitechurch, and is situated several miles from the town, contains a monumental brass, to the memory of Richard Myddleton, Governor of Denbigh Castle, with his wife, his nine sons, and seven daughters all kneeling about him. One of these kneeling figures represents Sir Hugh Myddleton, the worthy knight who first brought an abundant supply of water to London by means of the New River. Another, Thomas, became Lord Mayor of London, and accumulated a large fortune, eventually distributed by heiresses among many noble families. A third son, William, was a naval captain, and a poet of some renown in his day.

The riches indeed of the Vale of Clwyd are spread thickly about the walls of old Denbigh Castle. Its beauties are perhaps most to be appreciated by the men from the hills, to whom the contrast from their own rugged wilds appeals with great force. Thus old Churchward, who in his "Worthiness of Wales," rarely rises above a somewhat prosaic level, at the sight of the vale rises to something like the inspiration of Chaucer:

The noise of streames in summer morning clear,  
The chirpe and charme and chaunts of every bird  
That passeth there, a second heaven is.

It is no difficult transit from the Vale of Clwyd to that of the Dee; the Denbigh and Corwen railway makes the passage, without meeting any difficulties in the way of mountain barriers, passing Ruthin on the way, the old seat of the de Greys. And the Dee leads us to Llangollen, about whose very name there is a charm, the sweet vale with its Abbey of Valle Crucis and its mystic castle of Dinas Bran frowning from its rugged height. But it would hardly repay us to follow the winding course of the Dee, as it flows placidly in its lower course through a country rather English than Welsh in character. There is Bangor Isycod indeed on the way, the great monastery of the Welsh Kingdom, whose monks were slaughtered by a King of Northumbria so long ago, that the

venerable Bede is able to record it in his Ecclesiastical History; so long ago that all traces of monastery, churches, cells, have disappeared beneath the soil. Then there is Holt, with its old bridge already alluded to, and beyond, the river finds its way through English ground to Chester.

Taking the more direct way to ancient Chester, we pass Ruabon, a great coal-mining district—where the pleasant, abrupt scenery of the old red sand-stone is almost effaced by the smoke of collieries and factories—and then arrive at Wrexham. Hereabouts Wales seems to have expanded since the days of the Heptarchy, to have crossed Offa's Dyke, and taken possession of the country beyond. The origin of Wrexham indeed is a puzzle; the Saxons called it Wrightesham. But who were the Wrights? They were iron and steel wrights apparently, for Wrexham was noted for its armour-smiths down to the time when armour ceased to be worn. But these Wrights were not Saxons, it is evident, nor were they probably Welsh. We may guess that they were refugees from the burnt and plundered city of Uriconium. Boilers have superseded bucklers, and still Wrexham has a mechanical turn; it is the workshop of Wales as of old, and its rich church and ornate tower testify to the wealth which rewarded its labours in other days, while its busy streets and neat public buildings are a sign of its present prosperity. The church tower of Wrexham is one of the Seven Wonders of Wales, according to the somewhat puerile conceit of the age which invented the Seven Champions of Christendom and other marvels. A second wonder was the ring of bells of Gresford, whose sweet chimes may still be heard as we pursue the way towards Chester. Some famous cross of old times, a Calvary installed upon the meeting of the roads, got the name in Welsh of Croesyrfordd, or the Cross of the Highways, and this was turned by Saxon tongues into Gresford.

Hereabouts is Wynnstay, which used to be Wattstay, or Wattstowe, perhaps, for Watt's Dyke runs through the great park; the dyke being an entrenchment of unknown antiquity, which runs in a parallel direction with the dyke known as Offa's; the space between the two having been once, it is said, neutral ground, where Welsh and English met and trafficked. Beyond Gresford there is a sudden break, the final edge of the wild hill-country and the fertile plain of Cheshire stretches

before us, a wide grassy ocean, of which this is the shore.

Further inland, crossing by lonely roads among the hills, and following in the main the old Roman track, we may reach Hope, which was once Queen Hope, a name that carries a story with it. For here was Queen Eleanor's own castle, and here she rested for a night on her way to Caernarvon, to give birth to England's hope; a hope much falsified by the event.

Then we pass Mold, a considerable mining town, with Maes-y-Garmon in the vicinity, the site of a battle won by the Britons over the Picts and Scots, a victory due to St. Germanus and his ghostly arts; and still following the Roman Way, which can be traced at intervals, we reach Caerwys, an ancient seat of early Welsh jurisdiction, and the last place where a National Eisteddfod (a gathering of the bards) was held, summoned by royal writ. This was in the reign of Elizabeth, after which time the old bardic usage seems to have fallen into disuse, till revived in modern days. Here we are close upon St. Asaph again, and, turning towards the coast, we may reach the pleasant little town of Holywell, with its legends of St. Winifred and her miraculous recovery from decapitation. At all events, here is the holy well itself, the most powerful spring in Britain, from which flows a considerable stream, that suffers little diminution even in the heats of a drouthy summer.

In the neighbourhood is Mostyn Hall, the seat of the Mostyns of that ilk, an ancient and famous mansion, that once gave shelter to Henry Tudor, the future King, and where he had a narrow escape from Richard Crookback's men. The Mostyns are of the ancient royal blood of Wales, and long despised the Saxon surname, carrying their pedigree tacked on to their Christian names, like the tail of a kite.

It was some Lord President of the Marches, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, weary of the long string of "aps" on the records of the Court, ordered that all those should be cut off, and that a man's Christian name, and the title of his residence, should alone be regarded. And thus, whenever a man came before the law courts, he received a surname: a kind of petrification, which might stick to his children also. But more fortunate people, who lived after the manner of their fathers and avoided the courts of law, continued to style themselves John ap William ap Richard, and

so on, even to far within the present century.

Coasting the estuary of the Dee—a terribly dull performance, to be got over as quickly as possible—we come to Flint, with the round squat towers of its castle jutting over the wide unwholesome flats. The castle has an interest as we recall Shakespeare's account of the surrender of Richard the Second within its walls. But in reality the King was already a prisoner when he was brought within the walls of the Castle. Percy had met the King at Conway, and persuaded him to proceed towards Flint, to meet the Duke of Lancaster, and arrange with him as to the summoning of a Parliament and the restoration of the Duke's forfeited estates.

On the way, near Penmaer Rhos, the King perceived a numerous band in waiting in the pass who bore the Percy cognizance on their pennons. He would have turned rein and fled, but Percy seized his bridle, and the King, seeing the uselessness of resistance, suffered himself to be led captive towards Flint.

Between Flint and Chester, not far from the borders of the two counties, lies Hawarden Castle, once a notable link in the lines of fortresses originally designed to hold the Welsh in check, and to keep open a route for invading their country. For these purposes it seems to have been held as a Saxon post, and the castle was subsequently held by a Norman, by tenure of seneschalship under the Earl of Chester. Singularly enough the castle was once occupied by the great Simon of Montfort, who here held a conference with Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. Simon, who had views far in advance of his age, proposed to live in friendship with the Welsh, to restore to that people those forts and ports which were held by the English within the borders of Wales. But the rule of right and justice which Simon sought to establish was not yet to prevail. Force and ferocity were soon re-established in power, and one of the earliest consequences of renewed warfare between Welsh and English fell upon Hawarden itself.

In 1281 David, the brother of the last Llewellyn, stormed the castle and put the garrison to the sword. This was one of the crimes held to justify his subsequent cruel execution, although, as an act of war, it might have been justified by the practice of the timer. But David had unfortunately, in former days, accepted a Lordship

at the hands of the King, and it was as a revolted Baron, and not as a Welsh Prince, that he was tried and condemned.

The castle subsequently passed through many hands. It was Lord Derby's at the time of the Worcester fight, and on its subsequent sequestration it was purchased by Serjeant Glynne, a noted lawyer, of the Commonwealth period.

Did not the learned Glynne and Maynard  
To make good subjects traitors, strain hard?

is written in *Hudibras*. With the Glynnes the castle remained till our own times; and not only the estate, but also the Rectory of Hawarden, perhaps the richest living in England, with a curious exempted jurisdiction and the ancient right of granting matrimonial licenses, registering wills, giving probate, and performing all the acts of a suffragan except ordination; in fact, the estate of a Bishop, and with almost a Bishop's revenue to support it.

If this account of the two counties has wandered in and out without much regard to their respective boundaries, blame the statute of Henry the Eighth, which formed them out of the March lands without much regard to topographical considerations. Flint, indeed, has always been an anomalous kind of county, and for long after the Conquest, was considered as part of Cheshire, while Denbigh, taking the name of its chief stronghold, is rather a political than a natural division. But with the two counties thus linked together, and these inadequate chronicles of North Wales, Powysland, and Dyfed, or South Wales, now alone remain to be considered.

#### CRIMINAL AND LEGAL CURIOSITIES.

A LARGE amount of interest and a vast number of curious incidents will repay those who have the patience to wade through the records of the Courts. Some are intensely tragic; and others are extremely humorous; while others show how cases have oftentimes been decided by the light of ordinary common sense rather than by the legal acumen on either side. Two cases occurred in 1879 in the Sussex County Court. A servant sued her mistress for a month's wages in lieu of notice, and the question was raised whether the plaintiff had not failed to fulfil her duty in refusing to remove a bath, which was alleged, on her part, to be too heavy for her to lift. The learned Judge, Mr. A. Martineau, ad-



journeyed the case for the production of the bath, and a few days later it was brought to the County Court. At the request of the Judge, the High Bailiff filled it with water and tried his strength with it. On coming into Court he said he was of opinion that the bath was too heavy for the servant to lift, and His Honour gave a verdict for the amount claimed, with costs. On a subsequent occasion, the same Judge settled a case by equally direct proof. The question was whether a supply of potatoes was equal to sample. The Judge directed three to be cooked in Court. The specimens were pronounced excellent, and a verdict returned for the plaintiff.

Very different was the sense displayed in the following case. A man was charged with stealing a piece of bacon from the prosecutor's shop. The prosecutor swore that he was sitting in his parlour behind the shop, when he saw the prisoner enter the latter, take up the bacon, and put it in his pocket; that as he was leaving the shop he rushed out after him and accused him of the theft, and gave him in charge of a policeman who happened to be passing at the time. As the policeman found the bacon in the pocket of the accused, a person of even only ordinary intellect would have thought that here, at least, was a clear case of larceny. But the jury in this case did not consist of men of ordinary intellects.

The prisoner asked the prosecutor two questions:

"Was there a window through which you saw me come into the shop and take the bacon?"

"Yes."

"Was it closed?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the culprit triumphantly to the Judge, "the whole thing falls through, my Lord; he can't swear through glass."

The Judge, in summing up, told the jury that if they believed the evidence, they must find the man guilty; but the very intelligent twelve men in the box could not get over the "swearing through glass," and at once acquitted the scamp, who, leaving the dock, exclaimed:

"Ah, Mr. —, when I come again to prig a bit of bacon I'll take good care of your little window."

Mr. Justice Maule once tried a case of attempted murder. The prisoner quarrelled with the prosecutor, and drawing a large clasp knife, held him to the ground,

and so nearly disembowelled him that it was only, as it were, by a miracle that he recovered. The smart counsel for the defence told the jury that although the indictment charged the offence as being "with intent to kill and murder," and "with intent to do grievous bodily harm," they could, under a recent statute, find the prisoner guilty of "unlawful wounding," which was only a misdemeanour.

Maule did not, apparently, understand how solidly matter-of-fact and without question the average common jurymen always take anything like direction on a point of law which may come from the Bench, and he accordingly summed up in a manner the result of which should, for all time, be a warning to judges not to chaff jurymen. Said he, "Gentlemen, if you think the prisoner knocked the prosecutor down, drew his knife, stabbed and cut him in such a manner that his clothes were divided with the violence of the act, his abdomen ripped up, and his intestines made to issue from the wound in such manner as that the doctor tells you only the mercy of God has enabled him to appear here this day, merely without any ill-feeling, and more as an accident than as anything else, you will say it is unlawful wounding." The jury construed this sarcastic remark of the Judge as a direction to them, and instantly returned a verdict of "unlawful wounding."

In a case of murder, tried before Baron Parke, the Judge told the jury that as there was very little, if any, evidence of malice adduced against the prisoner, they could, if they thought fit, find him guilty of manslaughter only. "Just," added his Lordship, "as in an indictment for child-murder you may acquit the woman of murder and find her guilty of concealing the birth of the child." The jury took several hours to consider their verdict, and at last returned into Court with one of "concealment of birth." Such verdicts as this were perfectly comprehensible in those Draconic days when a paltry theft was punishable with death, and juries by the score returned verdicts of "manslaughter" rather than send a man to the gallows for stealing a pair of trousers or a ham, but can only be attributed to gross ignorance nowadays.

It is extraordinary how often in murder cases the guilty party will himself bring his own guilt home. Some three-and-a-half decades back the late Baron Alderson had a case of this description before him.

Ten years before, the prisoner had robbed and murdered an old gentleman on the high road. The plunder amounted to a large sum in gold, and a very peculiar and old silver watch. The coin the murderer retained, acting on the thieves' well-known maxim, "that none can swear to gold," a maxim, by the way, which is not always correct; the watch was hidden in the depths of the hollow of an old tree, and carefully covered over with earth. He shortly afterwards went abroad, and nothing was heard of him for the next nine years. The corpse of the old gentleman was discovered; the coroner duly held an inquest upon it; the jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder against some person or persons unknown;" the body was buried; and there the case to all appearances had come to an end. Abroad, the murderer prospered; the world went very well with him; and apparently he had all he could desire. But all this while, there was a Nemesis behind him, impelling him on the road to the gallows. He hankered after that watch. With money enough to buy the best gold one procurable, he wished to wear the old-fashioned silver one, which he had taken from the old man he had killed. Unable to resist the temptation, he returned from abroad, recovered the watch, found, as was only to be expected from where it had been so long, that it was in want of repairs, and actually took it to the very watch-maker who had been in the habit of keeping it in order for the victim. He at once recognised the watch; the police were sent for; when the man went for the watch he was arrested; evidence accumulated fast against him, and, when arraigned, he deprived himself of his only chance of escape by pleading guilty, and was in due course executed. The same Judge once used language which might fairly have been described as incitement to crime. He was trying a civil action, in which the plaintiff claimed damages against the defendant for having fractured his skull and broken some half-a-dozen ribs. There was practically no defence, the case for the plaintiff being unanswerable, and the jury returned a verdict for him, with damages, one pound sterling. Said Baron Alderson; "We won't try any more causes with this jury. Call another." And as they were retiring, he remarked, "Go home, gentlemen, and as you value your heads and limbs at one pound, I hope you may find some liberal purchasers on your journey."

Many cases are known in which a

third party has been mysteriously influenced to do something—often against both reason and interest—which has resulted in the detection of crime. A young unmarried woman, living in a good situation with an Oxfordshire farmer, had with her her child, a boy of two-and-a-half years old. This incumbrance standing in the way of her being married, she made up her mind to rid herself of it. Obtaining a holiday, she left the farm with the boy, giving out that she was about to visit a relative some miles off. Next day she returned, and stating that she had left the child to be brought up by her cousin, the statement was naturally believed. Next day two men were at work harvesting in a field on the next farm to where the mother was employed. One of them was a labourer on tramp, and enquired of his companion the best way to get to the place where he had taken lodgings. The best way was told him, and he was further instructed that when he reached a small coppice he was not to go through, but round it, otherwise he might fall down an unprotected old dry well. All the remainder of that day the thought of this well worried the tramp; he felt an intense and unaccountable desire to see it, and so earnestly solicited the man working with him to accompany him to see it, that the other agreed to do so. When they arrived at the coppice and found the well, both were afraid to stand on the edge and look down, and laid down to do so. Presently one threw down a stone, when, instead of hearing the sound of its fall, they heard a cry. Another stone was dropped with the same result. Certain that something alive was at the bottom, they promptly went to the nearest farmhouse and returned with more men, a lantern, and ropes. A plucky lad volunteered to go down, and was lowered, the rope round his waist, the lantern tied to his wrist. He found at the bottom, one hundred and twenty feet from the surface, lying between four pointed, perpendicular stakes—on either of which a man might have been impaled—a living, bleeding, and sobbing baby boy, which, when brought to the surface, was at once recognised as the child of the girl at the adjacent farm. The mother, after conviction, when asked how she got the child down the well without killing it instantly, replied that she had not the heart to throw the poor boy down, so procured a long cord, doubled it under the child's body, and when it reached the

bottom let go of one end and drew the cord up by the other. The amount of heart possessed by a mother who could leave her offspring to slowly perish of starvation in preference to slaying it outright, must be very small both in quantity and quality. The poor innocent was thirty-six hours without food and in pitchy darkness, and was so cruelly cut, scratched, and bruised, that he still bore the marks weeks afterwards, when, at Oxford Assizes at the trial, he was stripped and placed on the table to show them. And had his inhuman mother any heart in her composition, she must have felt cut to the very core then when the poor little fellow put out his arms and cried to go to her. The death sentence was recorded against her, but commuted to penal servitude for life.

Another remarkable case of this nature occurred in Somerset, and in the motive is exactly on all fours with the Swansea case of a year or two back. A widower, an agricultural labourer, wished to re-marry, but his choice refused on the ground that he had an eight-year-old girl and could not provide comfortably for both. Were the child "out of the way," she would consent. A week afterwards he took the child out for a walk, and the mother's sister who had kissed her when her father took her away, was the last, except her father, who ever saw her alive. The father did not return, and not much notice seems to have been taken of the double disappearance for a month or so. Then, by some accident, it came to the ears of one of the local Justices of the Peace. The idea—which he could never account for—at once possessed, and filled his mind to the exclusion of all else, that the girl had been murdered and that her body would be found at the bottom of a neighbouring disused coal-pit. He expressed this idea at the next meeting of the magistrates, and urged upon them the examination of the pit; but not having any evidence to support his idea, and the pit being full of water, they declined to do anything on the ground that to pump out the pit would cause a larger expenditure of public money than they would be justified in making on the mere suspicion of one individual. But the magistrate could obtain no peace for his own mind, and eventually determined to empty the pit at his own cost, which he did at the expense of over two hundred pounds. At the bottom of the pit the workers were horrified to discover the body of the unfortunate girl, rolled and tied up in her father's old

mackintosh. The father was speedily captured in South Wales—the atrocious nature of the crime causing all the inhabitants of the West-country to become amateur detectives for the nonce—was brought to trial, convicted, and hanged. He made a full confession before execution. He had taken her to a field and bade her play while he worked. The work he pretended to be engaged in was to dig a trench—her intended grave—and while he dug she made garlands of wild flowers and placed them round his hat. When ready, he split her head in twain with the spade and buried her. On the next day and the next he visited the spot to see if all was undisturbed. On the third day he found that one of her feet was exposed, and this so terrified him that he returned at night, took up the remains, and threw them down the pit.

Jury-men are better off in these times than in the good old days when it was the law to endeavour to starve them into a verdict. It is bad enough now to be put to loss of time and money, with little or inadequate recompense, without being starved or fined into the bargain. In the early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, Lord Chief Justice Reed tried an action when on circuit, in which the jury were locked up, but before giving their verdict had eaten and drunk, which they all confessed. This being reported to the Judge, he fined them each heavily, and took their verdict. In Hilary Term, Sixth Henry the Eighth, the case came up before the full Court of Queen's Bench, on a joint motion to set aside the verdict on the ground of informality of trial, the jury having eaten when they should have fasted; and next to remit the fines under the peculiar circumstances of the case. The jury averred that they had made up their minds in the case before they ate, and had returned into Court with a verdict, but finding the Lord Chief Justice had "run out to see a fray," and not knowing when he might come back, they had refreshment. The Court confirmed both the verdict and the fines.

In "Dyer's Reports" a case is reported of a jury who retired to consider their verdict, and when they came back the Bailiff informed the Judge that some of them (which he could not depose) had been feeding while locked up. Both Bailiff and jury were sworn, and the pockets of the latter were examined, when it appeared that all they had about them "pippins,"

of which "some of them confessed they had eaten, and the others said they had not." All were severely reprimanded, and those who had eaten were fined twelve shillings each, and those who had not were fined six shillings each, "for that they had them in their pockets."

At a certain Assizes two men were tried for poaching. The prisoners' Counsel challenged every juryman called excepting those from X; but this fact was not noticed at the time. The case was clear, the prisoners being taken red-handed. But when the evidence was over, the prisoners' Counsel submitted that there was no case against them, and urged some most frivolous objections to the evidence. The Judge waxed impatient, the Counsel warm, and both got more excited as the argument went on, until at last the latter said that, in his opinion, there was no case to go to the jury, and he declined to address them. The Judge shortly summed up, and the jury, not leaving the box, astounded all in Court except the Counsel for the defence, by returning a verdict of "not guilty." When one of the jury was quietly asked afterwards how it was they gave such a verdict, he replied coolly, "Well, our Recorder, he said he thought the law was on prisoners' side, and t'other Judge from Lunnon, he said it warn't; and our Recorder, he said he thought the men weren't guilty, and t'other old man from Lunnon said he thought they were; and it warn't like we was going against our Recorder; and we weren't going to see him bullied neither, so we gave him the verdict." Of course, the Counsel, being Recorder of X, had "packed" a jury of X men.

It has often been complained that some Judges perplex instead of assist the jury by the use of high-flown language. This is an undeniable fact. One deceased Judge would, when a jury had been some time considering their verdict, have them back and then address them:

"Gentlemen, do not allow me to precipitate your deliberations, but if your cogitation is likely to be protracted, the Court will again direct you to retire, and proceed with another portion of the panel."

Very different in manner from this was Mr. Justice Barrroughs. After a prolonged argument upon the goodness of the pleading in a record in which a "consequential issue" was contained, he addressed the jury thus:

"Gentlemen, you have been patiently

hearing the learned Counsel and myself talk for some time about a 'consequential issue,' and I don't suppose that you know what a consequential issue is; but I dare say that you do know what a game of skittles is, and know also that if you can properly roll your ball against one of the ninepins, in a right direction, that pin tumbles down and knocks all the other eight after it. Now, gentlemen, this count in the declaration, called a consequential issue, is just like that first ninepin; and if we can bowl it over, as we have done, all the other causes of action fall to the ground also. You must find a verdict for the defendant."

## UNCLE BOB'S NIECE.

By LESLIE KEITH.

Author of "*The Chilcotes*," etc.

### CHAPTER X.

For a person who appeared to have an endless store of advice and suggestion to bestow, Sir Oracle, otherwise Mr. Paul Behrens, was surprisingly quiet and inoffensive. Your professional adviser, your meddlesome man, is usually a loud and noisy creature, always ready to thrust in his "do this," and "don't do that;" always eagerly persuasive that his course is the only right one to pursue.

Mr. Paul Behrens was not of this kidney. He was for the most part a silent man, and when he spoke, it was with a sparing of words that was quite admirable in its way. And yet whence—if not from this friend, who certainly stuck close if he spoke little—did Mr. Burton get the ideas that so slowly filtered through his stupid, muddled, innocent brain?

Tilly, who was not much attracted towards analysis of character—young and healthy people seldom are—yet found herself sometimes wondering about Mr. Paul Behrens. On the whole, however, she contented herself with laughing a little at him, and liking him moderately. There was no reason why she should dislike him. He rendered her many little services; he was always pleasant, with just that dash of chivalry in his courtesy that is acceptable to a young and pretty girl. He did not make love to her; but then she would have held any such endeavour on his part to be quite as odd, inappropriate, and unbecoming as if Uncle Bob were to attempt to flirt with Miss Walton. In other words,



Tilly considered Mr. Paul Behrens old, though he was not more than forty-six, and looked perhaps even less. His German origin, which had left no trace on his accent, betrayed itself in a certain thickness of outline that might become corpulence by-and-by, but as yet his figure was fairly good. His features were also good, though his eyes, of a deep blue, were set a little near together; his hair, long beard and moustache, were of a Saxon blondness and a silky lightness that was very effective; on the whole, Mr. Paul Behrens was a "personable" man, and even an ornamental personage, when compared with Uncle Bob, to whom Nature had been but scantily courteous.

Of his inner man—his occupations, habits, antecedents—nobody appeared to know anything. Reticent people have one great advantage over babblers; they are never expected to make any personal revelations. A silent man's silence about himself is always respected; few have the courage to assault the barrier of reserve behind which he entrenches himself. Thus when Tilly, with feminine inquisitiveness, questioned her uncle about this new friend, he could tell her very little.

"He's something in the City," he said; and Tilly was quite satisfied. Most people are quite satisfied with this answer. The very vagueness of the definition gives it a charm. By being "something" in the City, you may be anything; to the ordinary mind it conveys an idea of hurry and bustle; of a rushing to and fro in the pursuit of gains; a heaping, ingathering, storing of money. Money is the first and last association; to be a City man is—or was, in happier days—to be rich; and to be rich is, as Fred Temple remarked, a character in itself.

Mr. Paul Behrens, at least, appeared to have all the money he desired to have, and business made no burdensome demands on his leisure, which he bestowed freely on his new friends. If he rushed frantically about in the City, after the popular belief, he always walked slowly enough when he approached the hotel.

"There comes that man," said Honoria one day, as she stood with Tilly watching the ever changing and shifting drama of the streets. "He always looks so irritatingly composed—unmoved—what is it?"

Tilly look down on the throng and presently singled out "that man" by his light beard.

"I think you don't like him," she remarked, yet without resentment.

"Why shouldn't I?" asked Honoria evasively; "I don't know him."

Now this was one of the very reasons why she should and did dislike him. She was a London girl, and, in spite of her love of independence, she distrusted a man to whom she had not been properly introduced. With Tilly it was all the other way. She asked for no credentials; the habit of trustfulness was too deep-rooted to be lightly shaken. She liked people until they gave her some strong and good ground for disliking them.

"I think he is nice," she said stoutly. "He's very pleasant and useful. I believe he has been to see about the opera-box for to-morrow night. You will see; he will come in presently with good news, and you must stay and benefit by it."

"I wish he would give his judgement on the boarding-house question," said Honoria, who liked now and then to thrust slyly at this gentleman's influence over her friends. "Why does he keep us all in such suspense? Is it to enhance the value of his verdict when it comes? It will come too late for me if he does not deliver it now."

"It is Uncle Bob who must decide," said Tilly loyally.

"I don't believe you want to come," Honoria spoke with melancholy reproach. "I shall go away to-morrow and never see you again."

It was no light matter to her to lose a friend who was engaging and interesting; a friend possessing, moreover, an uncle who showered down opera-boxes, and theatre tickets, and new gowns, and jewellery with so lavish a hand. This is putting the matter rather grossly; but very few of this world's friendships are perfectly disinterested.

"I do want to come," said Tilly with energy. Honoria had indeed painted a boarding-house life in such glowing terms that she could not but desire to share it. Charming society all the day long—morning, noon, and night, if you were so insatiable as to desire that—and no cares; no orderings of luncheons, and dinners, and suppers; no wrestling with house-keeping and toiling after new dishes. "If only they will give Uncle Bob enough to eat," she said, putting in words a fear that haunted her imagination.

"They will give you anything if you can pay for it; and happily you can."

The subject was still under discussion when Mr. Behrens knocked at the door and was granted permission to enter.

"Well," questioned Tilly gaily, "have you succeeded?"

"I have succeeded. The box is yours."

"Then you must wait, Honoria; you must indeed. We can't go without you."

She looked at Mr. Behrens; but he did not assent to the statement. Perhaps he thought it possible to go without Miss Walton.

"Miss Walton wishes to leave us to-morrow," Tilly explained. "Think how I shall miss her; how lonely I shall be; how empty this room will seem."

"Miss Walton may relent," said Behrens, with his quiet smile.

"Can't," said Honoria, shaking her head and smiling too. If she disliked Mr. Behrens, she was not going to show her disfavour. "If it were simply a matter of doing what one wishes"—she threw out her hands with a significant gesture—"but you can help us to meet again, Mr. Behrens."

"I, my dear lady? How can that be?"

"In this way," she went on with a full, direct look at him, as if she challenged those deep-set eyes of his to meet hers. "I daresay you will say it is selfish, and no doubt you would be right; but I am anxious to secure as much as possible of Mr. and Miss Burton's society. If it is selfish it is natural, you will agree. You would like to do the same, would you not?" She smiled again. "And, in order to secure it, I want them to come and live in the house where I am living. It is a boarding-house, and it bears a very high character. It is very select. Mr. Burton would not need to fear loneliness, as he well might after enjoying so much of your society. He would very soon make friends, safe friends. As for Miss Burton, she would have me——"

She looked across archly at Tilly, who was twisting the cord of the blind absently in her fingers. She was not quite sure if it was fair to her uncle to state the case and engage counsel in his absence.

"Help me to plead, Mr. Behrens," said Honoria, turning to him once more.

"I am afraid you overrate my powers," said Behrens pleasantly. If this were a gauntlet the young lady was throwing, he was quite ready to pick it up. "And besides, I can bring no special knowledge to help your cause. I never lived in a boarding-house. I rather think my opinions about such places have been formed on 'Todgers's.' You remember 'Todgers's,' Miss Burton?"

"Yes," said Tilly, laughing. "The fame of 'Todgers's' has penetrated even to Lilies-muir. It is considered there to be an absolutely correct picture of London life. If it were so, I don't think I'd want so much to try it."

"Then it is your wish to try it?"

"If my uncle wishes it—yes; not unless."

"Your will is law to him," said Behrens with grave graciousness. "Miss Walton has, it seems to me, gained her cause already. My persuasions will certainly not be required."

"No one must persuade," said Tilly quickly. "It is for my uncle to decide. It is he who must choose."

"Yet there are, no doubt, great advantages, as Miss Walton tells us, in such a way of life," he went on.

"Yes, indeed," broke in Honoria smilingly. "I ought to know, for I have tried the communistic principle very often. It is a family, but it is a big family, with every variety of temper and character. You don't get tired of each other as you would if there were just two or three. There is nothing so dangerous to friendship as to see too much of your friend; isn't that so?" said this young lady, looking at Mr. Paul Behrens with innocent frankness.

"That speaks ill for our friendship," Tilly wheeled round with a laugh. "What is going to happen to it if I come to live in your boarding-house? Are you to be invisible to me there?"

"Not invisible, but not so frequently, constantly visible," said Honoria, reassuringly. "I shall be mixed, I shall be diluted. You will take me along with so many others that you will not taste my flavour too strongly. There is a metaphor for you! I believe it is as mixed as my personality will be!"

"I prefer you as you are."

"Every one must," said Mr. Behrens with a grave face. "We should be sorry to lose even a hint of Miss Walton's piquancy."

"It is war to the knife, and he knows it," said Honoria to herself that night, in the seclusion of her high chamber. "And yet I do believe he means to give us his august permission. Why, I wonder? Into what scheme of his can my poor plans fit? Plans! I have none but to get them away from him, and yet he will let them go! I do not like thee, Dr. Fell, though you are too clever to give me a reason for distrust. But I love Tilly; I believe I am getting

quite foolishly fond of Tilly. It is against all tradition that I should care for her. Tilly who is rich; Tilly who is charming; Tilly who is beautiful; and yet—I love her. I love her better than you do, Mr. Paul Behrens. I love her well enough to protect her from you, if I can."

Honorina stumbled on a little scene the next afternoon, when she looked into the red velvet sitting-room. Tilly had put on some of her new finery just come home, and was rehearsing her part for the night to a little audience of two. Uncle Bob was agape with admiration; his mouth wide after the rustic manner; his eyes wide also, as they followed this young Queen sailing up and down, and taking shy glances at herself in the mirror; and there was that Behrens—that objectionable, meddlesome, ever-present Behrens—actually holding her fan and examining her critically! Yes, it was criticism quite as much as delight that his face expressed, and doubtless it was he who had suggested jewels, for Uncle Bob presently exclaimed:

"Well, if it's diamonds that's the thing, she shall have them, the best, too, that money can buy. Dang it all!" he cried, bringing a sudden fist down on the table, "what's the use of the money if we're not to get some show out of it!"

"No, no, no," negatived Tilly, lifting a saucy head, "diamonds would be out of character. I'm beauty unadorned, as Mr. Behrens has just been telling me." Then spying her friend at the door, she made a little rush at her.

"Come and inspect me, criticise me, examine me, Honorina," she said. "What can these two poor things know? They are only men, and not even men with daughters or granddaughters to enlighten their minds——" (this was surely a little hard on Behrens.) She cast a laughing glance back at them. "What can they know? Now you—I rely upon you—take me to pieces, don't spare me; don't be like those flatterers; tell me the candid truth."

Honorina did as she was bid. She flung herself with ardour upon the task. She pinched, patted, shook out the drapery; made Tilly parade slowly before her, sit, turn, pirouette, till criticism was exhausted. What cared she for Behrens, with his cold, polite smile, for Tilly's laughter and little sallies, for the long-lipped seriousness of Uncle Bob, who hung solemnly upon her words? This was a case in which he recognised the value of her opinion. She was a lady; even Behrens, the oracle Behrens,

must bow to her on the question of a toilette.

"You are perfect," said Honorina fervently, giving judgement at last; "it fits and it hangs; it drapes and it suits you. To my thinking it wants nothing, not even diamonds, though if Mr. Behrens says it does, of course I submit. He must know best."

"Poor Mr. Behrens!" said Tilly, turning to him with a smile. "What a shame it is to bother you with my affairs—such very small affairs as a girl's dress! Have you been holding my fan all this time? Now, I will release you and Uncle Bob. Take my poor uncle away, please, and give him something to eat. The audience is over!" She made them both a merry curtsey.

Of course, Behrens protested that he was charmed, enchanted, privileged; nothing was more remote from his thoughts than weariness. There was further discussion of the jewel question; quite a hot little passage of arms between Tilly and her uncle, he protesting, she persuading, but Behrens took no part in it. "Oh, the sly man!" cried Honorina to herself as she too stood a mere spectator of the battle. "As if Mr. Burton would have been so obstinate unless somebody had put the notion into his stupid old head!"

When at last they went away, Uncle Bob still doggedly unpersuaded that Tilly could be a "real lady" without jewels, Honorina made quite certain that they had set out to make the purchase there and then. Nothing would have surprised her less than to see them return in an hour or two laden with precious offerings to hang on Tilly's neck and arms, and to set sparkling in her sunny hair.

What object could this man, this Behrens, have in encouraging such doubtful expenditure? Tilly could not wear diamonds in her maidenhood, and she was charming enough already to please the most fastidious taste. She had blossomed wonderfully in those last weeks, and, with all her caprices and little vanities, her love of being beautiful and of being thought beautiful, she still kept the simplicity of her early traditions: it was still of country delights, not of hot-house growth, you thought in looking at her.

"If it is to be anything it should be pearls," said Honorina, thinking aloud.

"It isn't going to be anything," said Tilly seriously. "When I have learned the art of 'cutting a dash,' it will be time

enough for diamonds. I've used my last argument here." She held up a three-cornered note which she had been scribbling. "Uncle Bob always respects it, and even Sir Oracle must yield sometimes. And now, Honoria," she said, having despatched her note by the waiter, "there has been quite enough of me. Come to my room and let us discuss you."

"Oh, my old white frock won't bear discussion."

"We'll see, we'll see," said Tilly, who had plans of her own. "I have an idea, an inspiration. Come and let us seize it before it vanishes."

If Tilly was vain, it was with a vanity that did not absorb her to the exclusion of her friends. Honoria must wear this and try that. A whole afternoon was spent in balancing the merits of various styles of hair-dressing, to discover the one that best suited Honoria's type; many of the new-made purchases found their way to Honoria's drawers and wardrobes, and her ill-filled trunks upstairs.

As for Uncle Bob, it was only a grief that the pains and time expended on him were so ill repaid. He was one of the people—the unhappy people—for whom a tailor can do nothing, whose worst points seem but to be emphasised by good clothes. Nature clearly had him in her thoughts when the slop-shop was invented. All the skill in London could not make him appear at home in his dress coat; the flower which Tilly ruthlessly plucked from the very centre of her bouquet—the bouquet which Behrens had sent her—made matters but more hopeless. In his rough home-spun Mr. Barton might have passed for a laird of simple degree; in the orthodox evening attire he looked like—but Tilly refused to allow the comparison even in her thoughts. She took this ill at ease, this unfortunate Uncle Bob, under her own wing when they went at night to the Opera. She, the young beauty, at whom opera-glasses were levelled; concerning whom questions were whispered from lip to lip, yet set him in the front of the box, chatted to him, appealed to him, pointed out this and that, gave him all her thoughts, forgetful of the two who sat in hostile silence, or made remarks with a hollow and unbecoming politeness. And she was rewarded, though she had not laboured for reward. She toiled up to her friend's room that night before she

had taken off her wraps. She came in, a beautiful, slim vision of loveliness, smiling on Honoria, who had refused to share the supper Uncle Bob was even now eating, and had retired to nurse the grievance of her abandonment to Behrens—to the odious, ironical Behrens.

"Honoria," said Tilly, "I have good news for you, my dear. Uncle told me to-night he had made up his mind to try the boarding-house. It is all his very own doing; he brought the subject up himself. He says he has been making enquiries, and he thinks it's a first-rate idea—those are his own words—'a first-rate idea.' And so now——"

"And so now—I'm not to lose you!" Honoria made a dash at her friend. "I can go away to-morrow with an easy mind, sure, quite sure, that you will follow?"

"Quite sure."

"The Oracle has spoken. He has given his august permission."

"It is my uncle's very own doing; there is no Behrens in the question."

"Is there not?" Honoria, who was clasping Tilly round the waist, threw back her head and looked at her with an incredulous smile. "Is there no Behrens, indeed? Well, I forgive him. I forgive him everything. I forgive him that I had to sit beside him; I forgive that I had to talk to him; I forgive him that I had to take his arm——"

"Why, you speak as if you hated him!"

"Hate him? Am I not most amiably pardoning him? I will take him back into favour to-morrow, if you like; I will do anything, since he has left me you."

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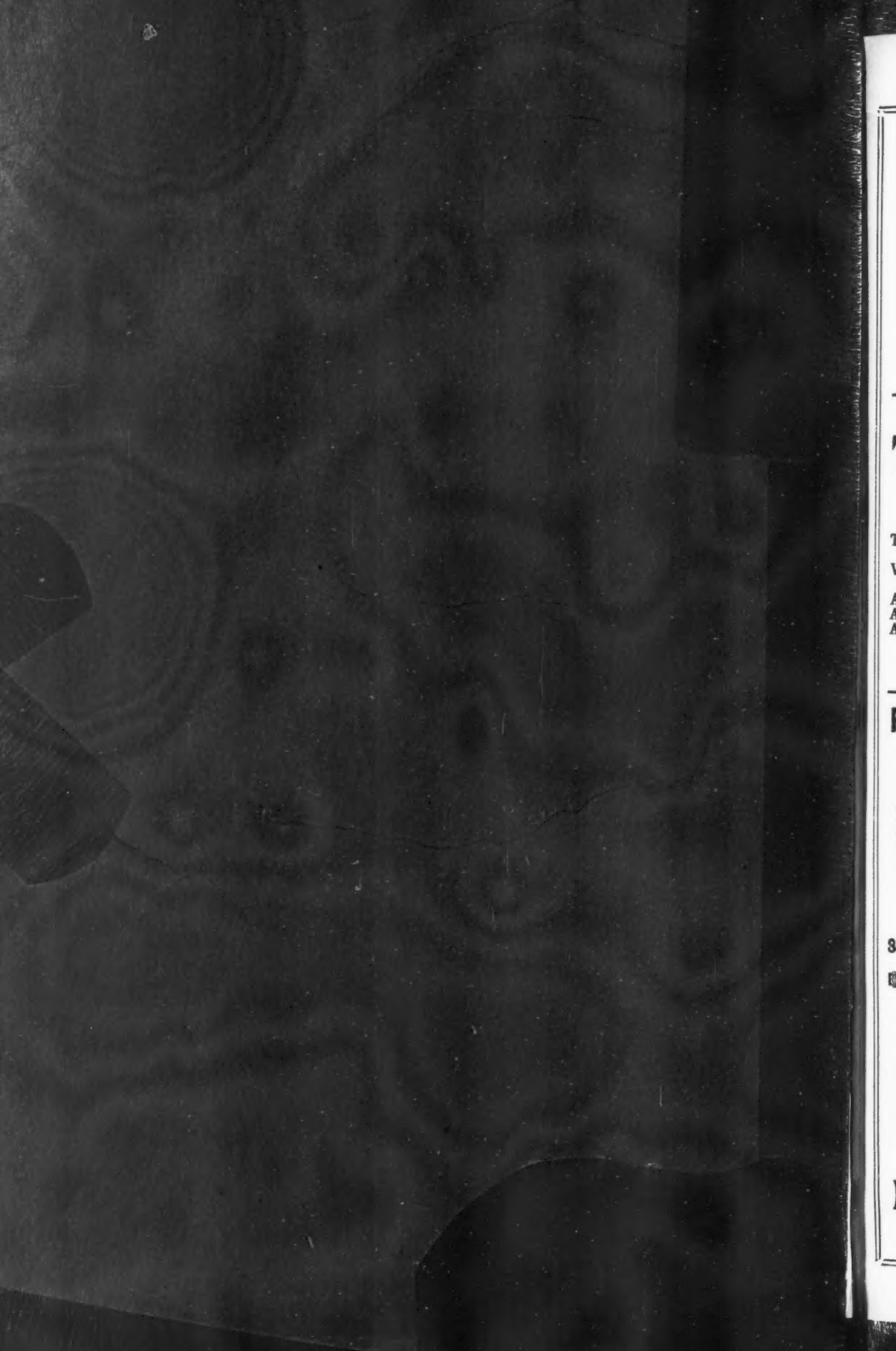
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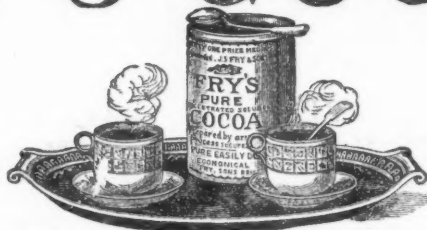
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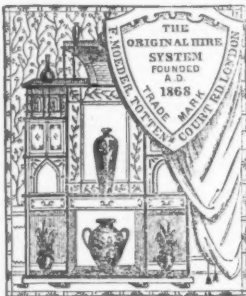
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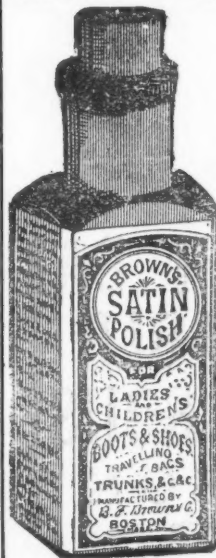
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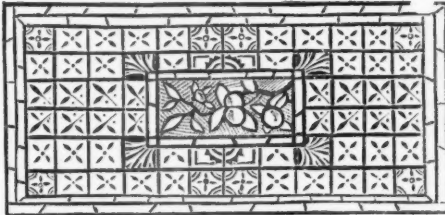
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